

GONE ARE THE DAYS

By W. E. HILL

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Snappy member of the force holding up traffic (one hansom cab) while three little maids of the vintage of 1896 hurry along to school.



The watchful chaperon of the golden days was on the job every moment. When a young man finished dancing the young lady was brought straight over to her chaperon and sat down. Nowadays—!!



A prima donna in her automobile—all ready to be admired. Back in the golden days this would have been considered a pretty smart get-up. And she would have referred to the car as her "bubble."

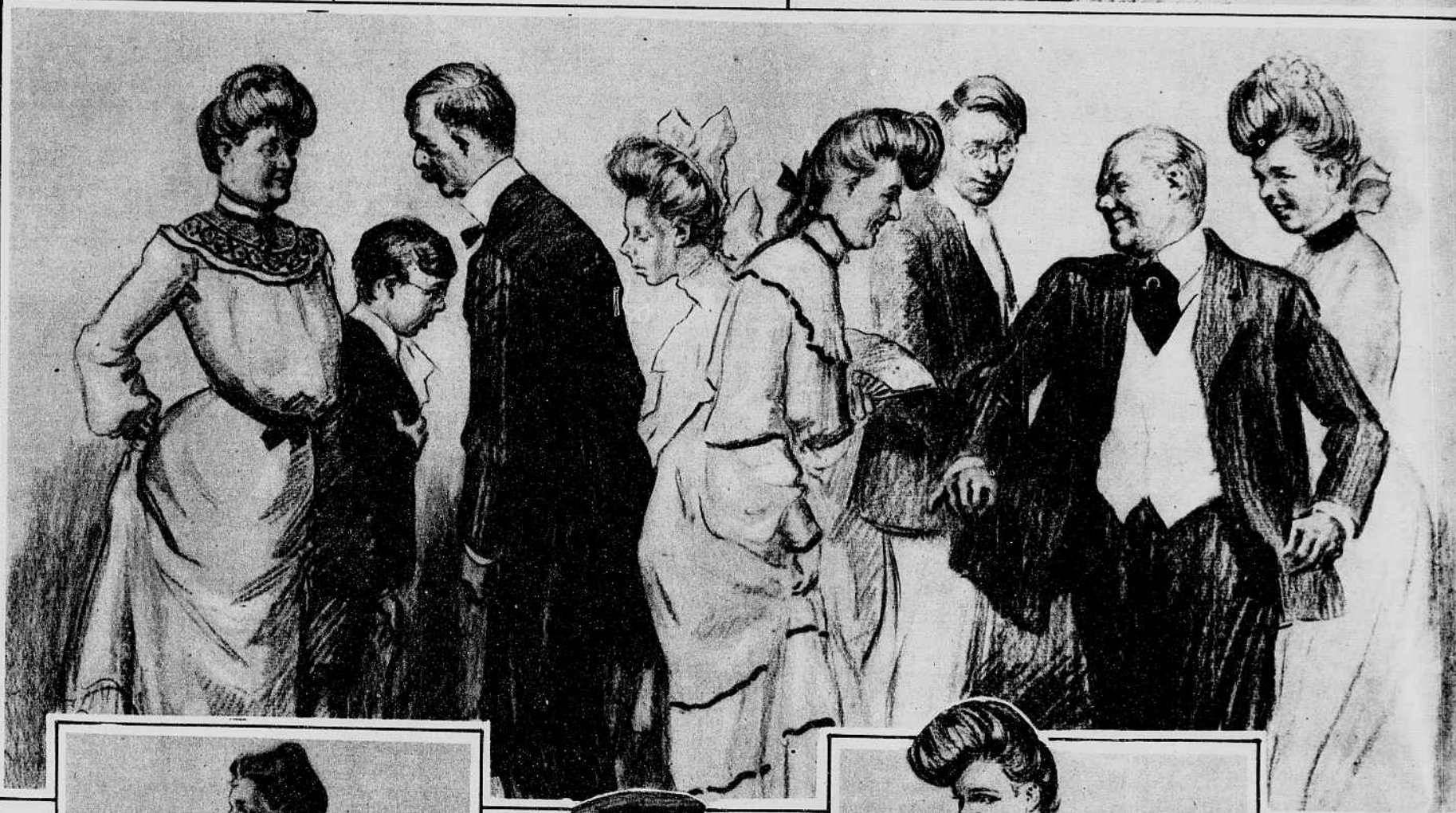


Right—The comical fella who used to wear the button bearing the legend, "Wink if you love me." Some days it would be "Tell your troubles to a policeman." Many's the time he used to call "Ice wagon!" after a bicyclist, thereby simply convulsing the high-school girls.



Gone are the young ladies who used to swish loudly when they went by—likewise the beauties who used what was known as the kangaroo walk.

Right—Eighteen-ninety-seven picked beauty helping along with the Wellesley daisy chain.



The unfortunate boy whose mamma aimed at beauty in all things. The suit was black velvet and the curls mouse color. The boy's spirits were very drab.



"Salute partners! Balance to corners!" The Saturday night dancing at the summer resort used to be pretty doggy, especially the last moment set of lancers composed of those volunteers who hadn't danced for a long while but would do their best. (The young lady in the center is carrying a monogram fan which is just about the last word.)

Athletic girl of some twenty-odd years ago, all dressed up for tennis. The pompadour used to flop up and down dreadfully.